Hast. So prosper I, as *I* sweare perfect loue.
Riu. And I, as *I* loue Hastings with my heart.
Kin. Madam, your selfe are not exempt in this,
Nor your sonne Dorset, Buckingham, nor you,
You haue beene factious one against the other:
Wife, loue Lord Hastings, let him kisse your hand,
And what you do, do it vnfainedly:
Qu. Here Hastings, I will neuer more remember
Our former hatred, so thriue I and mine.
Dor. Thus enterchange of loue, I here protest,
Vpon my part shall be vnuiolable.
Ha. And so sweare *I* my Lord.
Kin. Now princely Buckingham seale thou this league,
With thy embracements to my wiues allies,
And make me happie in your vnitie.
Buc. When euer *Buckingham* doth turne his hate
On you, or yours, but with all dutious loue
Doth cherish you and yours, God punish me
With hate, in those where *I* expect most loue,
When *I* haue most neede to imploy a friend.
And most Assured that he is a friend,
Deepe, hollow, trecherous, and full of guile
Be he vnto me. This do I begge of God,
When *I* am cold in zeale to you or yours.
Kin. A pleasing cordiall princely Buckingham,
Is this thy vowe vnto my sickly heart:
There wanteth now our brother Gloster here,
To make the perfect period of this peace.

Enter Glocester.

Buc. And in good time here comes the noble Duke.
Glo. Good morrow to my soueraigne king and queene,
And princely peeres, a happie time of day.
Kin Happie indeed, as we haue spent the day:
Brother, we haue done deedes of charitie:
Made peace of enmitie, faire loue of hate,
Betweene these swelling wrong incensed Peeres.
Glo. A blessed labour most soueraigne liege,
Amongst this princely heape, if any here
By false intelligence, or wrong surmise,

Hold

Hold me a foe, if *I* vnwittingly or in my rage,
Haue ought committed that is hardly borne
By any in this presence, I desire
To reconcile me to his friendly peace,
'Tis death to me to be at enmitie.
I hate it, and desire all good mens loue,
First *Madame*, I intreat peace of you,
Which I will purchase with my dutious seruice.
Of you my noble cousen Buckingham,
If euer any gruge were lod'gd betweene vs.
Of you Lord Riuers, and Lord *Gray* of you,
That all without desert haue frownd on me,
Dukes, Earles, Lordes, gentlemen, in deed of all:
I do not know that English man a liue,
With whom my soule is any iotte at oddes,
More then the infant that is borne to night:
I thanke my God for my humilitie.
Qu. A holy day shall this be kept hereafter,
I would to God all strifes were well compounded,
My soueraigne liege I do beseech your Maiestie
To take our brother Clarence to your grace.
Glo. Why Madame, haue *I* offred loue for this,
To be thus scorned in this royall presence?
Who knowes not that the noble *Duke* is dead?
You do him iniurie to scorne his coarse.
Ri. Who knowes not he is dead? who knowes he is?
Qu. All seeing heauen, what a world is this?
Buc. Looke I so pale Lord Dorset as the rest?
Dor. *I* my good Lord, and no one in this presence,
But his red colour hath forsooke his cheekes.
Kin. Is Clarence dead, the order was reuerst.
Glo. But he (poore soule) by your first order died,
And that a winged Mercury did beare,
Some tardie cripple bore the countermaund,
That came too lagge to see him buried:
God graunt that some lesse noble, and lesse loyall,
Neerer in bloody thoughts, but not in blood:
Deserue not worse then wretched Clarence did,
And yet goe currant from suspition, *Enter Darbie.*

Dar-